

Son

by oneder

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Summary: Warning: This drabble contains major spoilers to the second movie. If you have not yet seen the second movie, then read at your own risk. Summary: A certain someone's thought's before their death. Small drabble, based off of a scene in the movie.

Son

**Son**

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You stare in horror, as you realize why the Alpha has turned away. Watching as it slowly makes it's way over to the Night Fury and the boy.

Your boy.

Your magnificent son, who doesn't quite seem to notice just how proud you are of him. You watch as the beautiful creature your son calls his best friend, becomes taken over by the King. You turn to your wife, oh how you've missed her, and move your mouth in silent letters of shock.

As she too, stares, you feel the need to turn back to see what is playing out. Your boy's name is ripped from your throat as you scream his name in worry. This can't be happening.

You immediately begin to move, scaling the ice spikes, and running with a purpose. You vaguely realize that your beloved wife is following you, and you play with the idea to tell her to stop. But that wouldn't be right. She has the right to fight for this.

Looking back to where your son is, you quickly assess the situation. The dragon, the other half of your precious boy's soul, is slowly

cornering his rider. He has succumbed to the will of the King.

No, you think. You can't lose him, you can't. You remember the first time you held him. So small, so fragile. You were afraid that you would break him, just by holding him.

You remember his eyes, those green eyes. So full of life. Of wonder, hope. Those have not changed since that day. They are still just as full of life as they were back then.

You don't want to lose that. It would break your heart to see those eye, devoid of any life. So you make your decision. To do anything not to see those eyes hurt. To not see your boy dead.

You put on a burst of speed, quickly leaving your wife behind. It was then when you noticed that you might not make it in time to save him. For the Night Fury, it is quickly gathering up fire from deep within him, making the plasma blast.

And that was when you knew what you had to do. No matter how much pain it may cause your family, your friends, your village. It must be done. For you boy is the hope of all humanity. If there is anyone that can bring world peace, it's him.

You shout his name one more time, and he turns to you, and shouts back. You get the feeling that he knows what you are about to do.

You briefly smile sadly, for you will not witness him grow up. See him become chief. See him get married, start a family of his own.

And after all this, after he finally got his family back together, you are here, ripping it away from him. You start to feel guilty, but quickly squash the feeling.

This is the right thing to do.

And as you leap in front of your boy, pushing him out of the way, just as the dragon in front of you releases the blast, you whisper three words.

I'm sorry, son.

* * *

><p>I have no words for this. As soon as I saw this scene, I immediately thought of Stoick's thought beforehand. So here's my thoughts on what our beloved chief was thinking at the time.

****Word Count;; 529****

****Inspired by Music;; Safe and Sound- Sam Tsui & Kurt Schneider, How to Train Your Dragon 2 Soundtrack- Stoick Saves Hiccup****

End
file.